

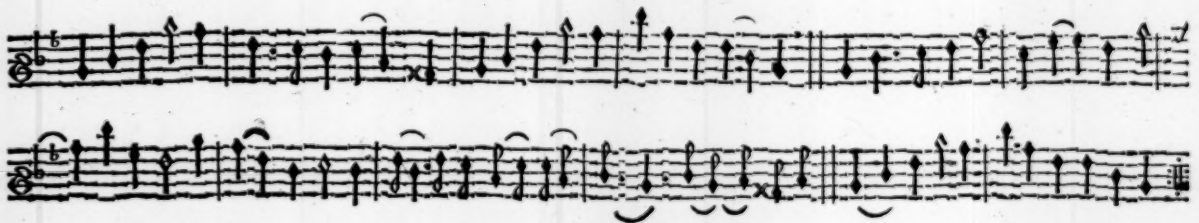
THE REBEL CAPTIVE.

An Excellent New SONG,

On the taking of *Argile* in *Scotland* by three Young Men, who met him as he was flying away in Disguise, after his Men had deserted him, &c.

Behold Argile the Famous Rebel, He *Oh Archibald ! (to save) hard was thy Doom,*
Who aw'd Three Kingdoms, now subdu'd by Three. *Th' Field a wretched Life to loose at Home,*
25. June. 1685

To the Tune of *Sawny and Jockey.* &c.



I. *(ton,*
Three bony Lads were *Sawny Cloud Hammil-*
And *Andrew Grier* the Captain that led 'em
When for the Loons it prov'd a fatal day, *(on,*
Argile was ta'n, and all his Men run away.
When *Duglas* Jiv'd him,
Riv'd him,
Driv'd him
And of all hopes had depriv'd him,
Routed him, flouted him,
The De'l bigotted him,
And now the *States* a Rope have allotted him.

II.
On *June* the Fifteenth, oh ! 'twas a Fatal day,
Archibald fled, and all the Rogues run away
In a disguise the Loon thought to shun his Fate,
Three bonny Boys stopped him on the Gate,
In a blew Bonnet,
On it
One hit
Such a bread Gash as made him tull own it,
Oh ! spare me,
Disarm me,
And do no more harm me,
For I am *Argile* the head o' th' *Whig* Army.

III.
Quarters, oh ! quarters ! I yield my self Prisoner,
Here take my Sword too that useless Tool of War.
Footmen and Horses, now I all give you o're,
Dunbartons Forces no Man can stand before.
But they will fight him,
Right him,
Fright him,
The proudest Fo ; will put to the flight him,
Thunder him,
Plunder him,
Dash all asunder him,
And make *Argile* himself truckle under him.

IV.
Thus having yielded up both his Sword and Durg,
The Bony Boys convey'd him to *Edingburg*,
Where with a Train he enters the Water-Gate,
Th' Hangman walking before in Muckle State
With a Hemp Garter,
The Martyr to Quarter
And by the Lugs to cut the Loon shorter.
The same Fate
Ever wait,
To Crown the Rebels Pate,
And all such Traytors as dare oppose the State.